

LITERARY NOTES.

Mrs. Oliphant's new novelette, "Old Lady Mary," deals with the supernatural with a curious matter-of-fact simplicity. Part of the story passes within that probationary region where Mrs. Oliphant supposes that the disembodied first goes after its release. Lady Mary is a winning old dame who has neglected to provide for the young cousin who has been to her as a daughter. Her spirit, tortured by remorse for this neglect, comes back to earth to repair, if possible, her cruel error. There is a wise lesson and not a little pathos in the description of the forlorn soul's unavailing struggle to do this.

Mr. Lathrop's story of "Newport" is in the press of the Scribners.

Robert Buchanan's poems will be issued in a one-volume edition in the spring.

J. R. Osgood & Co. are about to bring out a little book intended for tired and depressed housewives. It is called "Co-operative Housekeeping: How not to Do It, and How to Do It: A Study in Sociology."

Lord Coleridge has written a pleasant note on the subject of the approaching performance in London of the tragedy of "Remorse," the work of his great-nephew, Samuel Taylor Coleridge. "I cannot," he writes, "but be deeply interested in what you tell me of your kind intention to perform 'Remorse' once more. It is full of noble poetry—whether it will do well is a question which I imagine you will answer for me." It is a question which I imagine you will answer for me.

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NOTES ON EDUCATION.

Professor Carson will begin next Monday at the Peabody Institute, in Baltimore, a course of twenty lectures on the Poetry and Drama of the Restoration Period, and on the subsequent drama to Sheridan, inclusive.

The Faculty of Williams College have taken an important step in the winter term of the Sophomore year. This action was taken in accordance with a petition for German from the entire Sophomore class, and will enable the students to continue the German through the rest of their course. President Carter was elected president of the Modern Language Association which held an organization meeting in New-York during the holidays.

The Maryland Institute is instructing in its Art Schools 674 pupils.

A system of instruction for working-people has been organized with great success in Copenhagen. At a public meeting held in the autumn, the number of workmen desirous of attending the classes were found to be upward of 3,000. There are at present 136 classes, with 132 teachers, dispersed over the town in 17 different houses. There are 15 classes of women, comprising about 200 students, for the most part under female teachers. The women are taught hygiene and the chemistry of housekeeping, besides the elementary sciences and languages. Some of the female pupils have asked for instructions in bookkeeping and the elements of law; others, for help toward their own social employment. The painters wish to get information about the chemistry of colors, the smiths about metallurgy. Men who work by night have been formed into classes; the bakers got their instruction early in the evening; and the men at the gas-works, who work by day and night in turn, get their instruction during one month with the rest of the students in the evening, and during the next month have special classes in the day-time. The whole undertaking has roused an interest among the working-people which, based upon an increasing and more and more consciously recognized desire for knowledge, promises good results for the whole society, if directed rightly. It has been considered best to let the plan grow according to the wants and desires of the laboring classes, instead of obtruding any completely arranged plan upon them; and this way of proceeding has evidently met with their approval.

Professor James, of the Wharton School of Finance and Economy, lately delivered a lecture in Philadelphia in which he advocated the charging of fees for public secondary education. A great technological school could be supported in that city, he declared, and in addition to the high schools, with but little additional taxation if a moderate tuition fee of \$25 a year were required from all pupils.

The *Louisville Courier-Journal* declares that it does not think a greater disaster could befall education in the South than a bill providing for the distribution of \$10,000,000 annually for five years among the States. "It would," it says, "paralyze local effort, create a feeling of dependence on some outside influence which undermines all voluntary initiative, and the passage of this bill would put back the common schools of the South five years, and no effective plans would be executed until the period of subsidies had expired and the people were again thrown on their own resources."

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The late "Professor" Holloway had a marvellous gift in advertising. Mr. Yates has an amusing note concerning his darning. He once enclosed a check for a thousand pounds in a letter to Charles Dickens, which he placed at Dickens's disposal, on condition that one line of complimentary reference to Holloway's cures should appear in the month which Dickens was then publishing in monthly numbers. The beaver waited for an answer. "What did you do?" asked Dickens. "Do?" he cried; "I put the check back into the letter and sent it down to the messenger, saying that was all the answer I had to send!"

"Lord Lytton," gives *The Saturday Review*, "was a person of expensive emotions, of which, as they probably cost him a great deal to get up, he naturally liked to make the most in print. The 'pageant of his bleeding heart' has been sold cheap at the bookstalls for many years." The good taste of this sort of fling at a dead man is remarkable.

All editors will sympathize with a vigorous statement once made by Anthony Trollope to a friend who requested from him a note of introduction to the Editor of *The Fortnightly*. "But why *The Fortnightly*?" asked Trollope. "The learned editor is so indefatigable that every word you write down will be so weighed to the last pronoun. Perhaps you wish to be weighed—but you are ignorant! ignorant! not to know!" "That is," adds his friend, writing in *Temple Bar*, "of the characteristics of editors and the different requirements of magazines. This was explained with an intimate force and facility of diction, an enormous amount of information was hurled about, and then the storm subsided, the article in question was placed at, and the letter written. A similar gust was raised on mention being made of a highly eulogistic article on his own personal and literary merits, from the pen of a partial writer. He was sensibly alive to anything of that kind of praise seeming to be the product rather of personal liking than of inquiry or judgment, and of a letter alluding to the article he said: 'I don't like such notices, particularly when they are written by friends. I would much rather be left to the mercies of the real critics, Sydney Smith used to say, speaking of practical jokes, that it was impossible to say how much melted butter a gentleman would bear to have poured into his dress-coat pocket; I dislike it almost as much when it is poured down my back.' "Trollope's friend says of him elsewhere that a fear of hurting anybody's feelings was one of his strongest characteristics, and though he dearly liked a "delicious feud," however violent his words might be, his sentiments were always soft.

Mark Twain's forthcoming book is announced in England as "The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn—a sequel to 'Tom Sawyer'."

Princess Beatrice's drawings in the January number of *Good Words* are full of feminine prettiness, but they show no more artistic talent and knowledge than did the stiff, conventional decorations of her "Birthday Book."

There was a meeting a few years ago at the house of an eminent English poet of a dozen men as distinguished in literature as their host. In the course of the evening's talk the question came up: "Who is the best gentleman in fiction?" Slips of paper were handed about, and each man wrote down the name of the character he thought entitled to that distinction. Long live the many fame of Thackeray! The voting was unanimous—on every bit of paper was written the beloved name of Colonel Newcome. "I am sorry," says Sylvanus Urban, "that no vote was given for Don Quixote, who in some respects is entitled to the honor." In many respects indeed; in the beauty and pathos of his noble gentlemanhood the crazed Spaniard will always hold his own in wise heads and generous and unworldly hearts with Thomas Newcome.

A lady said to be in high place in Washington society, and herself a charming woman, has written a novel in which she gives to a Washington winter an aspect differing greatly from that presented by Mrs. Dahlgren. The book, which is shortly to be brought out in Boston, is in the form of letters written by a woman in Washington to her friends in New York.

Mr. John Morley's "Introductory Essay on Emerson" is just coming from the press of the Macmillans.

The Empress of Austria is engaged in printing herself the sonnets she has been writing.

The autobiography of Mrs. Bray, the novelist, daughter-in-law and biographer of Thomas Stothard, R. A., will soon be published. It is said to be full of interesting reminiscences. Mrs. Bray, who died last year at the age of ninety-four, was a friend of Robert Southey, and knew and corresponded

with most of the leading authors and artists of the earlier part and middle of the century.

Miss Duda Fletcher's forthcoming novel, "Vestigia," is said to be her strongest work. It is described as being full of epigrammatic sayings